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## ADVANCE-LIGHT.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

The men whose minds move faster than their age,  
And faster than society's dull flight,  
Must bear the ribald railings, and the rage  
Of those who lag behind it. As the light  
Plays on the horizon's verge before its might  
Can penetrate life's dark and murky stage;  
As the dark hadji, on his pilgrimage,  
Hears, ere he sees, the fountain bubbling bright;  
As the sweet smiles of infants promise youth,  
And martyr sufferings herald sacred truth,—  
So Thought flung forward is the prophecy  
Of Truth's majestic march, and shows the way  
Where future time shall lead the proud array  
Of Peace, of Power, and love of Liberty.

## THE DEPRESSION OF AGE.

WILLIAM WINTER.

I feel and understand (because I have struggled against it) the dejection that creeps upon the mind when the evening shadows begin to gather, when the winds of twilight whisper in the fading leaves, when the embers are dying on the hearth-stone and the night is coming down. How touchingly that great poet Tennyson has said it, in his noble testamentary sequel to "Locksley Hall":

"Poor old voice of eighty, crying after voices that have fled!  
All I loved are vanished voices, all my steps are on the dead;  
All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,  
Forward far, and far from here, is all the hope of eighty  
years."

But no man should mistake his individual dejection for the failure of human progress. For him, indeed, little by little the lights are put out and the world grows dark. No doubt you remember those pathetic words which Sir Walter Scott, when he came home to die in his beloved valley of the Tweed, greeted the gentle scenery of that sylvan retreat.

"The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—  
Are these the same that once they were,  
Or is it the dreary change in me?"

The sun was shining gloriously upon the turrets of Abbotsford when I stood beneath them only a little while ago, and the ripple of the Tweed that sounded in his dying ears was as sweet and gay and careless as ever. The world goes on for others although it may cease for us; and we may be very sure that it is a better world for them than any vanished world of ours which now begins to seem so lovely because it is lost and gone. Whenever we listen to the voice of the Past, and hear again the old refreshing assurance that the Present is a failure, we ought, I think, to reflect that every Past was once a Present, and that each succeeding Present has resounded with the same wail of lamentation for the glories of departed days; and thus we shall perceive that the golden time exists just as much now as ever it did—and just as little.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"There now," said a little girl, rummaging in a drawer, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

## WILL EUROPE DISARM?

GLADSTONE AND CASTELAR URGE THE NATIONS TO THINK  
OF DOING SO.

PARIS, March 10.—One of the latest novelties here is the organ of the large class of protestants—a class that is being increased by daily accessions—who believe that the only salvation for army ridden Europe is not a general and bloody conflict but a gradual and steady reduction of the armed hosts that are grinding the vitality out of the nations, driving the flower of the population from the countries so harassed, and crushing in the dust all hope and every worthy ambition.

It is for the down trodden millions that this plucky little sheet, *Disarmament*, speaks; and whether diplomats ignore or persecute it, it may prove to be the still, small voice that will be heard and prevail after, if not before, the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery and the smoke of battle shall have passed away.

In its initial number *Disarmament* published interesting communications from the two leading Liberal statesmen of England and Spain. Mr. Gladstone writes:

"The committee formed in Paris to prevent Europe's soon being converted into a military camp has my warmest sympathies. It would be a cause of regret to me did I not embrace the opportunity you give me to reaffirm the principles to which my career as a public man has been devoted. And I should also assist you with my personal co-operation were I less advanced in years and my duties elsewhere less imperative. You may be glad to know that in 1842, when the number of men under arms in Europe was quite one-third less than it is to-day, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister of England, considered it excessive and dangerous to the peace of the Continent. What would he say now of the terrible standing armies that Europe is supporting at such frightful expense?"

Senor Castelar, with his usual eloquence, contrasts the progress that the country has made in industry, science and art with the gigantic conflicts of the apparently near future that can only result in treaty solutions of pending differences that might be reached, through arbitration, without a resort to the arbitrament of arms. He then concludes:

"Look at Europe. She is maintaining at this moment 10,000,000 men, who are animated by a common impulse—to rush at and throttle each other at the first opportunity. And still we find ourselves surrounded by all the culture and intellectual development of this latter half of the nineteenth century. How did men in the early ages go to work to organize themselves in families, in cities and in States? They recognized the necessity of organizing tribunals, whose duty it should be to arrange quarrels that had arisen in the heat of passion. And these tribunals they made the arbiters of their destinies. Let us return to this simple mode of regulating our affairs. What individuals have done nations may do to achieve the same end, and thus enjoy the blessings of a fruitful peace. But how to go about it? By a general disarmament in Europe, which would inaugurate an era of tranquillity for the world, the reign of God among men!"

This comment several of our journalistic critics, is no doubt very fine and very noble, but so far as practical results are concerned these declarations are without significance. Let the same sentiments reach us from Berlin, and be quoted as having fallen from the lips of the King